

The Sketch

No. 1211 —Vol. XCIV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



WIFE OF A LIFE GUARDS COLONEL AND NIECE OF A DUKE : MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY.

Mrs. Brassey is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar Hugh Brassey, M.V.O., of the 1st Life Guards, son of the late Henry A. Brassey, of Preston Hall, Kent. Before her marriage, she was well known as Miss Margaret Hepburn-Stuart-Forbes-Trefusis ;

and she is a daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Walter Rodolph Trefusis, C.B., third son of the nineteenth Baron Clinton, who, in 1877, married Lady Mary Charlotte Montagu-Douglas-Scott, daughter of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

A PEERAGE ENGAGEMENT: THE BRIDE AND GROOM TO BE.



TO MARRY: MISS BETTY RAWDON-HASTINGS, DAUGHTER OF LADY MAUD RAWDON-HASTINGS;
AND LORD ST. DAVIDS.

Miss Betty Rawdon-Hastings is the second daughter of Lady Maud Rawdon-Hastings, sister of the Earl of Verulam and widow of the Hon. Paulyn Rawdon-Hastings, who died in 1907. Lady Maud resides at The Manor House, Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Lord St. Davids is a Privy Councillor and was created a Baron in 1908. He married first, in 1888, a daughter of the late Mr. J. Gerstenberg, Founder and Chairman of the

Council of Foreign Bondholders, but last year Lady St. Davids died; and Lord St. Davids sustained the further loss of his elder son, the Hon. Colwyn Erasmus Arnold Philipps, who was a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards, and was killed in action, in May. Lord St. Davids' second son, Captain the Hon. Roland Erasmus Philipps, is in the Royal Fusiliers.

Photograph of Miss Rawdon-Hastings, by Val l'Estrange; of Lord St. Davids, by Russell.

HOSPITALS; HOLIDAY FUNDS; AND HENS: WAR-TIME WOMAN.



RETURNED FROM INDIA TO NURSE AT ST. THOMAS'S
HOSPITAL: MISS I. MIDDLETON.



ACTING WITH LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE FOR A CHILD-
REN'S HOLIDAY FUND: MRS. JAMES MARSHALL ROBERTSON.



INTERESTED IN POULTRY-KEEPING AS A NATIONAL SERVICE:
THE HON. MRS. LIONEL GUEST.

Miss I. Middleton, who is a daughter of Colonel Herbert Middleton, of the Eastern Command, has for the past twelve months been nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital. She was in India at the outbreak of war, but returned to offer her services at home. She is a member of the British Red Cross Society, and belongs to a Voluntary Aid Detachment in Sussex.—Mrs. James Marshall Robertson, of Edinburgh, is acting with Lady Margaret Sackville in a duologue at an entertainment to be held to-day (the 12th) at Exbury, Southampton, in aid of the Band of Chivalry Poor Children's

Holiday Fund, in connection with a sale of work there. The event has been arranged by the Dowager Countess De la Warr, to whom contributions may be sent at Woodside Cottage, Exbury.—Mrs. Lionel Guest is a believer in the national importance of poultry-keeping as a means of adding to the country's food-supply. Her husband, who is a brother of Lord Wimborne, has a post in connection with military aviation machinery. She is a daughter of a former American Ambassador to France, the late Hon. John Bigelow, of New York.

Photographs by Bassano, Swaine, and Rúa Martin.

PHRYNETTE'S TO · LONELY ·

IN A COLD, CLAMMY, CHEERLESS
CELLAR SOMEWHERE—



LETTERS · SOLDIERS ·

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.
Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette
Married."

A NICE big fat post-bag this week. Thank you, Camarades. I note that "Four Lonely, Luckless Subalterns" are ambitious to decorate the walls of their dug-out. This is what they say: "DEAR PHRYNETTE,—That most delectable and delightfully soul-inspiring weekly *The Sketch* has just arrived by the blessed hand of the Post Corporal." (Would not that chap feel flattered and surprised to hear you call his hand blessed? Do you ever refer to him as *Le Postillon d'Amour*, by any chance—in your letters to Her, for instance?)

"In it"—in what, the blessed hand?—"we see the copy of a poster advertising 'Follow the Crowd' at that haven of refuge, the Empire." (that reminds me of a little story which may make you smile—don't let me forget to tell it to you.) "Could you send us a copy of the poster, and any others you could spare, to stick on the walls of our Cold, Clammy, Cheerless Cellar, and so help to lighten the Dark, Damp, Dreary Dwelling in which we are destined to dwell? We always read and greatly enjoy your letters, and greatly admire the sketches.—We are, Dear Phrynette, Four Lonely Luckless Subalterns—A. G. D. and 'Three Others.'" Give my love to the Three Others, A. G. D., but don't give it *all*!

I don't happen to have those posters or any others under my pillow nor in my pocket; besides, that thing I am wearing has no pocket—pyjamas are more practical—but I'll beg, borrow, buy, or "bag" those posters for you, *Camarades, c'est entendu*. Won't those "Follow the Crowd" legs look very large on your low walls, though,

and won't you imagine yourselves among giantess Gulliveresses? However, that's your look-out and your dug-out! My walls are enlivened not with posters, but with photographs of yous and yous and yous, in youseful and decorative get-ups.

Now for the little story I wanted to tell. The other day Flo came up to Town from the country. She sat on the foot of my bed and told me of the doings of her world. It seems her Daddy has some officers billeted at his

my wife's" (!); but just as I was going to ask her she turned on those high heels of hers, hooked her arm to that of another chap—her husband, I suppose—and went away with him. And I could not remember the face of the husband, either!"

Flo and I laughed so much that it quite sent up my temperature. "Wait," said Flo, "I have not come to the funny part of it yet."

Would you believe it, the good Major did really ask his little wife whether she did not have a friend—a buxom lass dressed up to strafe, with a lot of jewellery and heels high like that—and the little lady puzzled for days whether it would not be Mary Simpson-Smith, with whom she had been at school at Brighton, or Lily Gray-Brown, the fifth girl at the Vicarage; but none of them quite fitted in with the description, so both the Major and his wife gave it up! However, he may bring up his wife to Town for his next 'frisk,' and, who knows, with luck he may be able to introduce her to the interesting incognita!



"And a suspicious-looking being in an uncompromising night-cap and a Puritan nightie asked from above 'what was all the row about?'"

Many thanks to "T. H." for his appreciative note and his little lesson on "swaking" letters, apropos of a past paragraph of mine. "As you probably know," he says, "letters have to be censored, and are accordingly delivered to us unsealed for the purpose. When censored we seal them, and we don't lick them as a rule—too many and grimy. 'Swaking' letters means sealing them up with the fingers dipped in tea, coffee, beer, red wine, or any old liquid handy to moisten the gum. So the beauteous damsel who gets a letter marked 'S.W.A.K.' need not imagine that the lips of her ardent swain have done the deed—*pas du tout*—it is the finger of the afore-said swain's officer dipped as indicated. But where ignorance is bliss—why worry?"

Something of the same sort happened to a man I know. He, sentimental soul, whenever arrived a letter from his *Chère Amie*, used reverently to detach the flap of the envelope and kiss the sticky part that Her lips had touched, until one day, calling on her and watching her adoringly at her letter-writing, he was horrified to see Tomkins, her manservant, summoned upstairs to "lick and post those letters, please."

"I once cut my lip with a horrid envelope," she explained, dimpling.

And now my friend never opens any letter in a feminine handwriting without being haunted by a Tomkins face seeming to smile sardonically as he licks—licks—licks—!

A lucky leave to you, Camarade T. H. Do you know what I love to see in yous when yous come back on leave? It is the new zest you have re-discovered in everything since the war. We London people, we seem to have grown older, graver, soberer, since that awful and August date.

You, fighting Friends, have become schoolboys again! I thought I knew the sedate, somewhat shy young Englishmen who danced decorously and enjoyed themselves religiously; but there are not



"Before the war . . . the sedate, somewhat shy young Englishmen who danced decorously."

house—among them a Major, North-country and very stolid, with a worthy little wife to whom he is devoted. One day—that was some time ago already, before the restrictions—he went up to London Town for a "frisk." His wife remains in the North, of course; and when he came back Flo, out in the hall, overheard the following conversation between her father and the Major.

FLO'S FATHER: "Well, did you enjoy yourself in Town, Major?"

THE MAJOR: "Oh, yes, very much; I went to the Elyseum Theatre."

FLO'S FATHER: "And did you like the show?"

THE MAJOR: "Oh, yes, rather; topping show—and so many good-looking girls. I never saw so many good-looking girls at a sitting. I wonder how those London chaps manage to go about their business with so much beauty around. And the dresses! Never saw anything like it. Getting more and more—less. What—ha-ha! But a funny thing happened—a dashed funny thing. As I was having a walk round, a lady came up to me—a darned fine woman she was, too!—dressed up to 'strafe,' with a lot of jewellery and heels like stilts—quite a *fine lady*, by Jove! And she said, 'Hello, Bobbie!' Well, now, she must have known me, because my name is Bobbie, but I did not remember her face at all, which is very strange—such a buxom lass, you know. However, I bowed and said 'Good-evening.' I thought she might be some friend of



"And now . . . kids full of fun and unashamed, spontaneous, irrepressible youngsters more like the French students of the legendary Latin Quarter!"

any such any more, and, instead of them—kids full of fun and unashamed, spontaneous, irrepressible youngsters more like the French students of the legendary Latin Quarter than the stiff-shirted Englishmen armoured in convention who used to sit up straight and never stare! But then, there is no starch in klaki. I love you so much now, you know.

What makes me think of it is that, some time ago, some jolly people that I don't know (I was not of the fray, alas, that once!) gave a party, and lots of yous were invited—that's how and why I heard all about it, you see. But artists are notoriously careless as regards things that don't matter, such as notifying their change of address, for instance, and so it happened that some invitations were written on new note-paper with the latest address, and other invitations on conservative note-paper headed by the same old indication of street and number. And, on the night of the party, some ten or twelve yous turned up at the old address, some in khaki, some in fancy dress, led by a famous black-and-white artist (no, you won't

catch me telling his name! Whenever my tongue runs away with me I get a rap on the knuckles from a certain blue pencil; but this I can tell you, he has a lovely face (the frivolous young man, I mean), and boxes like an angel—you know the sort of angel Toby met on his tramping tour. There was no light anywhere; but, of

course, since Zepps insist on buzzing round our ears (trying to set the Thames on fire, in fact, what?), it

of the sort. I have not missed much really by keeping in bed those days. There has been nothing very exciting doing lately, except new plays in plenty. And, of course, though first nights are more thrilling, I can go to all the shows when I am very strong again—(no, that was nasty!) Anyway, if both the plays and I survive (I am the more likely to), I'll go to all of them with a particularly nice you who is coming up on leave—hurrah! I haven't seen Mr. Bouchier in his mask yet; I hope it doesn't hide his chin—it is such an admirable chin!

A readeress has sent me a flattering but embarrassing request. I have had many queer things asked of me—m'yes!—from a worn garter—a garter, worn, I mean—to "how to know

whether a girl one does not know well would come alone to supper with one without one asking her right away, don't you know!" and I pass some of the queerest queries. But my readeress's letter is as strange, in a way, as the strangest. It is merely asking my advice on "how to keep husbands" (plural, mind you). I really don't know what to advise—I am not even sure that the English law allows it! True, "how to keep one's husband," singular, would have a selfish proprietary tone, yet it is generally one's husband that one keeps, when one does so! Now, as to how to, I have not the slightest idea! Can it be done at all? And why, dear readeress, do you suppose I can help you? Do I sound so wily, then? Or is it that because I send my love weekly to legions of lonely soldiers, you imagine I am an old heart at it! But, you know, it is just *en camarade*, yes. Why, I hardly know any of them—at least, I don't know them *all*, believe me! And if some much-married philanthropist among my readers will tell us all about husband-keeping, I'll be one of the most interested, and will try to learn humbly and diligently. Has one got to practise? I've never kept anything but

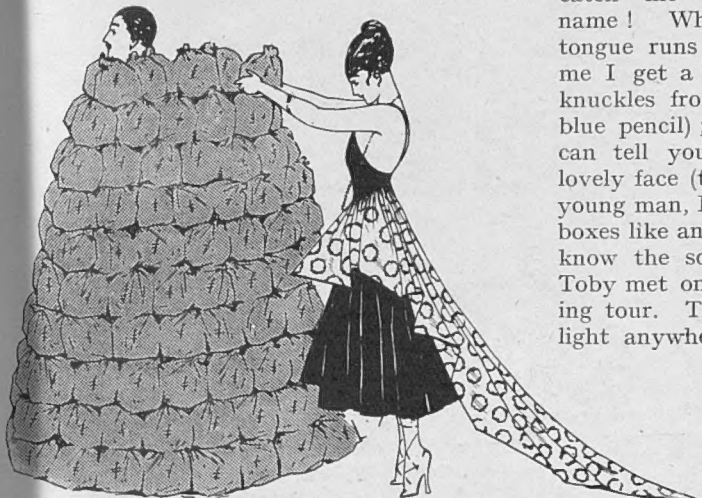
pets—not even appointments always! Is it as easy to keep a husband as it is to keep a Pom? Just to see that he is fed and does not mope? Pull his ears playfully, now and then, and tell him to be good and not to be so absurdly jealous, Sir, of the new pet, be he Blue Persian or—or Guardsman! I should have thought that most girls would not so much worry about keeping a husband as for a husband to keep them? And the verb "to keep"—how do you use it exactly? You don't mean to keep him as good as new ever, do you? No; you must be aware that this page is not "Auntie Arabellar to her Chicks." We are grown-ups, readeress dear—not you and I, of course, but the others! One practical way to keep a husband is to be an heiress or a kinema star. But no nice husband likes to be kept that way. In the simplicity of my mind, I can't think of any effective recipe for you. Would this be of any use, perhaps? First find him—sometimes finding is keeping; but, having found him, if you want to keep

him, don't find him out! To keep a husband, try to forget sometimes that you are his wife, to remember that you are his friend, and learn how to shut your eyes not only when he kisses *you*, but when—'tis not *you* he kisses! Difficult—yes, very; but if you fail at first, try again!*

* Yes, preferably with the same husband!



"She . . . hooked her arm to that of another chap . . . and went away with him!"



"One practical way to keep a husband is to be an heiress or a kinema star."

was not to be wondered at. So some of the would-be revellers knocked at the door with expectant energy, while the others employed the wait in dancing up and down the street to the music of their lusty young voices. At last, after having awakened all those that slept in the neighbouring houses, the crazy knocking resulted in one window of the besieged house being opened, and a suspicious-looking being in an uncompromising night-cap and a puritan nightie asked from above "what was all the row about?" All yous yelled for joy. "Splendid, old chap!" "What a topping get up!" "Are you dressed up as your Ma-in-Law?" "Hi, Juliet, here are thy Romeos!" "I say, let us in, old man; we've been waiting down here for ten minutes—I suppose you couldn't hear inside, with the music going on." Meanwhile, the figure at the window—who was *not* the host in disguise, but the respectable, ancient, and irate owner of the house—was shooing away the rowdies indignantly. Those, however, refused to depart without obtaining the new address of their hosts. In spite of apologies, explanations, and prayers, the old lady remained obdurate, and closed up the window with a bang that swore volumes! At last an obliging neighbour volunteered the required information, and yous, it seems, turned up at the right house in time for breakfast! "Why, was it so far as all that?" I asked. "No; but we had furious fun on the way!"

"Furious, but not fast, eh?" Though I get a lot of your confidence, you would not give me any more details as to your doings.

Well, was that, I ask you, a pre-war behaviour, even in Bohemia? My first outing is to be at a studio fête on Sunday; I'll tell you all about it next week. I do hope there may be some merry mishap



"How to keep one's husband!"

SMALL TALK

RESIGNATIONS seldom come singly. Dr. Lyttelton's departure from Eton is followed by Mr. Warre Cornish's. The Provost leaves, according to the announcement, on account of ill-health. Eton, however, does not always put faith in published explanations; youth always wonders. But one thing there is no disputing—its sorrow at losing the Provost and his wife. Mrs. Warre Cornish has always been popular, and her going makes Eton realise all the more keenly how much it likes her.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN ALEC PRIDHAM:
MISS MAGGIE SMITH.

Miss Maggie Smith, who is seen in our photograph with her favourite "Airedale Joe," is the youngest daughter of Mr. Philip Smith, of Branksome Lodge, Forest Road, Bournemouth, Principal Clerk of the Votes Office, House of Commons. Captain Pridham is in the R.A.M.C. and is at present serving in France.

Photograph by Bright.

had remained in London for the sale at Christie's. Another lot desirable from his point of view would have been the example of Tiepolo—a master for whom he entertained an ever-growing admiration. Mancini himself admired Lady Russell's picture: when he saw it on her wall, after many vicissitudes, he wept with pleasure. For other painters' work he had somewhat less regard. For instance, Sargent's portrait of him he left behind in an hotel, and not exactly by accident. While packing up his goods, he found he had no room for the Sargent. "I'll give you this instead of a tip. Take it to Tite Street and you'll always get good money for it," he said to the chamber-maid. The lucky maid did take it; and it now belongs to the man who painted it.

Sale-Ladies. Lady Wernher is again the leading lady of the Red Cross Sale, a keen ally of the auctioneer at every turn, with plenty of goods and plenty of bids to her name. Mrs. Adair, too, must be reckoned as a great friend to the cause in King Street. Her gifts have proved most valuable. They have

proved valuable in a sense commensurate with her well-known liberality, with the riches of her house in Portman Square and her castle in Donegal. Mrs. Adair belongs by birth to New York, but by long residence and a multitude of friendships to England.

A 'Bus Mystery Explained. Monday morning means

early breakfasts in the innumerable households that have to despatch a week-end lieutenant back to work in decent time. The early trains from Waterloo—as early as six and seven—are crowded, and occasionally a sister mingles with the tube-travelling stream of khaki in order to make sure that the right train is caught. London before eight is unlike the London we know at other times. It is full of surprises. One early riser last week was bewildered by the pranks of a motor-'bus in Piccadilly. It went at a great speed, zig-zagged right and left across the empty road, stopped with a jerk, and again went forward, violently zig-zagging. Only when it came near was its freakishness explained. It was manned by a whole crew of girl conductors, practising their 'bus-legs.

Vaughanitas, Vaughanitis.

London's Savonarola is again discontent. "Everywhere on the arteries of our mammoth Metropolis are ladies befurred and bejewelled, and when one looks a little longer there is a pet dog too." To the gadding habit Father Bernard Vaughan attributes the empty cradle. "And the church bench is empty," says he, "because the cradle is empty." That may be good logic, but what price Westminster Cathedral? During these April Sundays Father Bernard Vaughan is preaching there at the twelve o'clock service. Long before the time the crowd gathers; people who prefer their religion neat, without a sermon, are disturbed all through their silent service by eager ladies—befurred, if not bejewelled—anxious to make sure

of a seat within fifty yards of the pulpit. And Bernard Vaughan's own impression of the crowd is characteristically picturesque: "There wasn't room for another umbrella," he told a friend on Monday.

Another Engagement. Miss Betty Rawdon-Hastings, whose

marriage with Lord St. Davids is one of the interesting events of the month, is the second daughter of Lady Maud Rawdon-Hastings. She has several brothers and sisters, and is already related to half-a-dozen peerages. For Lord St. Davids the past year has been fairly packed with events of importance, and loss and gain for him have been in the balance. On which side has been the advantage, who shall say? For the loss of his son there was the enormous recompense of his son's splendid spirit, revealed in his home letters and poems. Even

Lord St. Davids' "scrap" with Lord Derby in the House had a more or less happy ending.



NURSING THE WOUNDED:
MISS NINA JESSEL.

Miss Nina Jessel, who, since the early stages of the war, has been acting as nurse in a Military Hospital, is the elder daughter of Sir Charles James Jessel and Lady Jessel, and a granddaughter of the late Right Hon. Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



LADY MARY CRICHTON AND HER LITTLE SON: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Lady Mary Crichton, of whom, with her little son David George, we give the latest portrait, was, before her marriage to Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George Arthur Charles Crichton, M.V.O., Grenadier Guards, Lady Mary Dawson, younger daughter of the Earl of Dartrey. Lady Mary, who was married in 1913, was a train-bearer to Queen Mary at the Coronation of King George, in 1911. Colonel the Hon. Charles Crichton is Assistant-Comptroller, Lord Chamberlain's Department, and is a brother of the Earl of Erne.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

A TRIBUTE TO RUSSIA: THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN HOSPITAL.



A CEREMONY DENOTING BRITISH ADMIRATION OF GREAT-HEARTED RUSSIA: A GROUP AT THE OPENING OF THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN HOSPITAL IN PETROGRAD, INCLUDING THE EMPRESS MARIE, WITH OTHER ROYALTIES, AND THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.



THE IMPERIAL FAMILY WELL REPRESENTED: (LEFT TO RIGHT IN CENTRE—STANDING)—THE GRAND DUCHESS CYRIL, THE GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR, THE EMPRESS MARIE (IN FRONT), THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA, AND THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA.

The Anglo-Russian Hospital in Petrograd, housed in the palace of the Grand Duke Dmitri, who generously placed the building at the committee's disposal, was opened on Feb. 1, with the customary religious service, and in a few days was filled with Russian wounded. It contains 200 beds. The opening ceremony was attended by a brilliant company. In the upper photograph are seen, sitting in the middle (from left to right): Lady Sybil Grey (who represents the London Committee in Petrograd), the Grand Duchess Vladimir, the Empress Marie (the Tsar's mother), Sir George

Buchanan (British Ambassador), and Lady Georgina Buchanan. Standing behind, and between the two last-named, is the Tsar's eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, and next to her, to the left, the Grand Duchess Cyril. Behind the Empress Marie is the Tsar's second daughter, the Grand Duchess Tatiana. Standing to the right of Lady Georgina Buchanan is the Matron, Miss Irvine Robertson. To the left of Lady Sybil Grey is Dr. A. M. Fleming, Commandant and Chief Sanitary Officer. The Hospital will do valuable service that was much needed.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

Twitterings.

POET : Have you read all about the Budget, darling ?

MRS. POET : Yes, darling, every word.

POET : And do you understand it, darling ?

MRS. POET : No, darling, not a word.

POET : Neither do I, darling.

MRS. POET : I suppose we shall be poorer than ever, my own ?

POET : Oh, yes, my love, much poorer.

MRS. POET : Shall we have anything at all, dearest ?

POET : No, dearest, I fancy not.

MRS. POET : How that simplifies matters !

POET : Yes, indeed ! We shall be like the birds of the air !

MRS. POET : Beloved ! I adore you !

POET : Angel ! You are more to me than all the money in the world !

MRS. POET : Will you draw the blinds, my sweetest ?

POET : But it is not yet night, my treasure !

MRS. POET : Still, you will draw them for me, won't you ?

POET : I will do anything in the world that you may ask ! . . .

MRS. POET : Are they drawn quite, quite tight ?

POET : Ever so, ever so tight !

MRS. POET : Then we will lunch.

POET : But, indeed, I am not at all hungry !

MRS. POET : Wait till you see the menu ! (*Offers lips*). . . .

POET : That was the most delicious lunch in the world ! But why did you wish me to draw the blinds, my love ?

MRS. POET : Oh, you stupid darling ! You will never make a business man !

POET : Alas ! I know it !

MRS. POET : Don't grieve ! I will scheme and plot for you ! Lunch being over, you may draw back the blinds. . . .

POET : There ! Now let me kiss you again in the sweet streams of April sunshine !

MRS. POET : No, No ! You will ruin all ! We shall starve !

POET : Starve, my love ? But haven't we just proved that it is impossible to starve so long as we have an inexhaustible supply of this heavenly manna ?

MRS. POET : You make me tremble ! Hush ! Lower your voice !

POET : You are strangely agitated !

MRS. POET : I might well be !

POET : You are pale, my heart !

MRS. POET : My fears are all for you !

POET : This is inexplicable ! Am I going mad ?

MRS. POET : No, no, no ! But that man ! That awful man !

POET : What man ? Quick ! Outside the window ?

MRS. POET : Not yet. . . But he might be. Or one of his spies !

POET : Pooh ! Give me his name that I may lay his head at your feet !

MRS. POET : I forget it ! A Scotch name ! Look in the paper !

POET : You mean—you mean—*McKenna* ?

MRS. POET : Yes ! Yes ! He may take our bread-and-cheese, but never, never shall he take our kisses ! (*They swoon, severally.*)

The Lure of Politics.

I think I shall go in for politics. Thinking it over quietly, and keeping an eye on certain people who have admittedly done well for themselves, the game seems good. You begin with four hundred a year. I'm not sure whether this four hundred a year is free of income-tax. If it is, the Member of Parliament at the present moment is the only man who can be sure of any income at all. So you begin, at any rate, with a living wage.

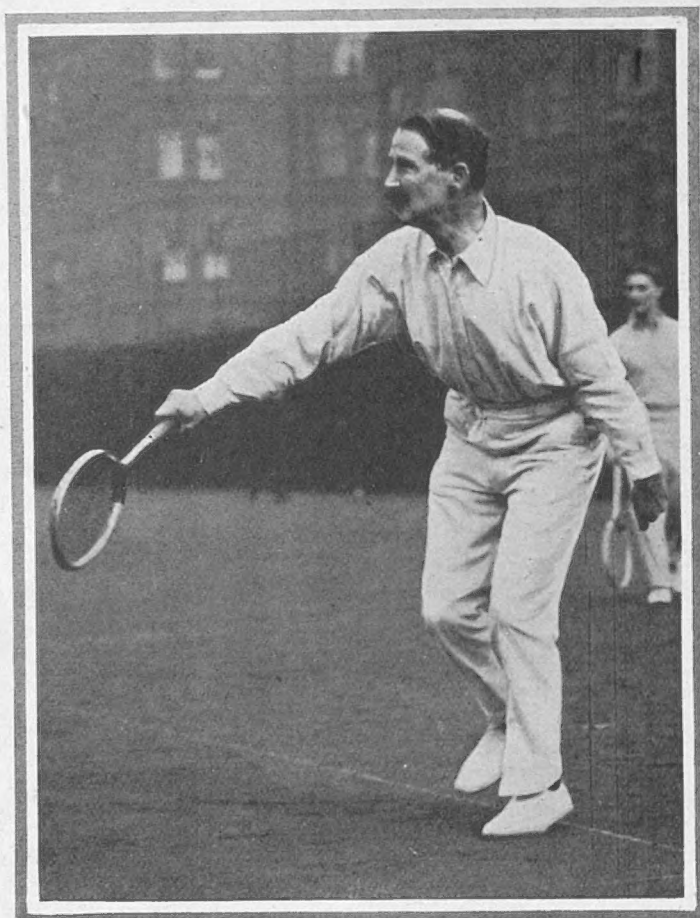
You cannot, I understand, be imprisoned for debt. This alone would make it worth while. My greatest spur in these days is an old print of the Fleet Prison which hangs at my bedside. It hangs where my eyes can rest on it the moment I wake, and the grim spectre of imprisonment for debt drags me at once from my bed and sends me running to my desk. Once a Member of Parliament, and that picture would be flung into the loft for some years at least.

You get, *ex officio*, any job worth having that may be going. You propose yourself for it, practically, and that settles the matter. You may become anything. Being a Member of Parliament, it stands to reason that you have more managing ability than other people who are not Members of Parliament. You rise and rise and rise.

It is a cheerful life. The House of Commons is full of cheery fellows every night. You argue with them for part of your four hundred, and they argue with you for part of theirs.

You get a dinner for a shilling, they tell me.

I wonder if all the Members of Parliament are dead and in heaven without knowing it ? What a splendid thought ! And it would account for so much that one cannot, at present, understand.



NOT WORRYING : MR. BONAR LAW PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS
AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

Photograph by Alfieri.

Refusing to Kill.

Is it possible to live without killing, or causing to be killed, or taking advantage of killing ? I am induced to put the question by reading of a young Marylebone artist who would not even wear gloves because it meant the taking of life. But even a vegetarian takes life or causes life to be taken. A potato is alive, is it not, when taken from the ground ? At any rate, a cabbage is most certainly

alive. It may be a low form of life, but all things are comparative. Why should a man refuse to take the life of an oyster, and yet wantonly consume a cabbage ? Has a cabbage no joy in life ? Does it not love the sunshine, and the rain, and the fresh breezes ? I am inclined to think that a cabbage has a good deal more life in it than an oyster.

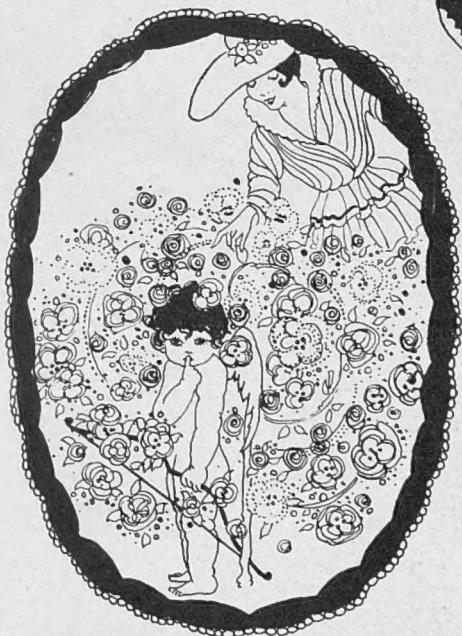
And what does this young gentleman do in the matter of microbes. Does he refuse to breathe ? Yet every time he draws breath he kills. And every time he exhales breath he kills. The London Appeal Tribunal did not cross-examine him on these points. I wonder why. The discussion would have been instructive. I have always heard and believed that every form of life preys upon and destroys some other form of life.

But we live in strange times. I hear that there is in process of formation a Society for the Chastisement and Ultimate Extinction of Nature. All the conscientious objectors are to be Honorary Life-Members. The crest, I presume, will be a Hun Rampant.

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE GARDENER — 1916.



"Mon Petit Lion!"



Cupid in Hiding



Put to Flight.



The apple — and Eve!



THE CLUBMAN

COSMOPOLITAN LONDON: HE "LIES LIKE TRUTH": "TELL IT TO THE"—BLACKS!

The Serbian in London.

A new uniform and a new personality came into our streets with the arrival in London of the Serbian soldiers who are paying us a friendly visit. I saw one Serbian soldier whose height must be over six feet walking down Coventry Street at the most crowded hour of the afternoon. Everybody stared at him, and nobody spoke to him. He appeared to be quite unconscious of the interest he excited, and walked steadily on, looking straight ahead of him. He was in fighting grey, and his cap with the "V"-shaped nick in the front of it was the distinctive feature of his uniform. London must be a most surprising place to the untravelled Serb, for the whole of Belgrade, the capital of his country, would fit very comfortably into Hyde Park, and most of the smaller towns do not occupy more space than Grosvenor Square does. The Belgian soldiers, with the little touches of colour on their khaki, and the French soldiers on furlough, in their long blue-grey great-coats and their steel helmets, are quite familiar figures now in our streets; and I hope that we shall see, eventually, Montenegrins and Italians, Japanese and Russians in their fighting uniforms as very welcome visitors to London.

German Genius for Lies.

No doubt there is very stern military and political necessity for many of the lies the Germans have been telling officially lately. Had they acknowledged the full extent of their check before Verdun, it is quite likely that they would have found new enemies on their back; and their North Sea tarradiddles have to be invented because the German public has been led to believe that the German fleet holds command of the German Ocean, and continually dares Admiral Jellicoe to come out and fight. Sometimes, however, the German officials lie for the sheer pleasure of lying. The official German report of the air raid in which they lost a Zeppelin was a fine example of entire freedom from the trammels of truth. Von Zeppelin's men would have liked to bombard London, Cambridge, and the Humber defences; and the official newsmen, taking the wish for the deed, recorded that they had done so with great success. Many a tender German mother and many a bright German school-child must have licked their lips and clapped their hands at the thought of the consequent holocaust of English women and children. The assertion that the attacks on British towns and villages were intended to promote "high military aims" was, in its way, a real good thumping German lie.

For a Black Community.

The German lie for home consumption—such as the extra "0" added to the tale of prisoners claimed, the imaginary feats of raiding Zeppelins, and the flight of British war-vessels from the Hun torpedo-boats that range the Northern seas—are all fine examples of

the unblushing lie; but it is to a black audience that the German lies most freely and most fantastically. The proclamation the German Governor of the Cameroons issued to the natives of the colony before he bolted into Spanish territory is a fine example of grandiloquent mendacity. The Kaiser's capture of "General Kitchener" and 10,000 soldiers is but a small item of an account that includes the bombardment of Paris and the desertion, *en masse*, of British coloured troops. Another item runs thus: "We have, moreover, only surrendered Duala because there were so many white women and children there, to whom, according to the law of the whites, nothing can happen if no fighting takes place in a town." This comes well from the champion baby-killers of history.

Whether it is the presence in England of Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, or whether as a result of the very general feeling that this autumn will see the end of the war, men in the clubs are talking a good deal now concerning some of the problems which will crop up after the war. One of these problems is, how will the British Empire satisfy the claims of Japan as her ally? The Japanese would like a commercial treaty with Australia and with Canada giving them any preferential treatment that is accorded to our other allies. Australia is a white man's country, and Canada has no wish that her white settlers should be ousted by men of Asiatic nations. Japan, however, has been our firm ally in war; has supplied us and France, as well as Russia, with rifles and other munitions just at a time when they were much needed. They were Japanese ships of war that escorted the Australian contingent to Europe, and which acted as stops when the *Emden* was being hunted through all the seas of the world, driving her at last into the grip of an Australian ship. Neither we in Great Britain nor our brothers in other great continents of the world can say to the Japanese, "You fought shoulder to shoulder with us in the Great War, but after the war you shall not have the privileges we grant to our other allies, and your cheap labour shall not undersell the white man either in our shops or in our fields." It is a difficult problem, and the solution of it must be an honourable one.

The Japanese Valet.

In the United States the Japanese are cornering one particular form of domestic service. The smart bachelor of New York generally now has a Japanese valet. The European servants whom one sees in New York are generally filled with an idea of self-importance, and they mostly

keep their own hours without any regard to the wishes of the head of the house. A Japanese valet is exceedingly quiet, exceedingly well mannered, and, though his bump of self-respect is well developed, he is one of the most obliging and most faithful men in the world.



OUR FAR-EASTERN ALLY—AN EDUCATIONAL ANNIVERSARY PROCESSION: TOKIO HIGH SCHOOL IN FANCY DRESS.

To celebrate the tenth anniversary of its establishment as a self-governing boarding-school, Tokio's "First High School" held a special festival on March 1. The principal feature of the proceedings was a fancy-dress procession in all manner of costumes, part of which, with a White Rabbit (apparently) in it, is seen here.—[Photograph by C.N.]



OUR FAR-EASTERN ALLY—A NOTABLE JAPANESE FESTIVITY: TOKIO WRESTLERS ARRIVING AT OSAKA FOR THE TEN DAYS' MATCHES.

The Tokio and Osaka wrestlers' matches took place at Osaka during March and lasted ten days. The illustration shows the Tokio wrestlers on arriving at Osaka on March 9, driving on the way from the Rimeska railway station to Tennoji Park in motor-cars through the dense crowd which watched their coming. The champion wrestler of Tokio, Nishinoumi, is seen seated bareheaded in the leading car.—[Photograph by C.N.]

War-Time Studdys!



II—THE TERROR OF THE INSIDE-KNOWLEDGE IDIOT.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE house of Christie has made a point of doing all honour to the donors of lots to the Red Cross Sale: they sent out hundreds of complimentary catalogues, and acknowledged gifts in the fullest possible way. "Too courteous," somebody said, who saw his name repeated over every lot he has contributed. "Why not bunch my properties together, and save the printer's bill?" One of the most remarkable cases of unnecessary repetition and labour is provided by Sir Charles Cust, whose seventeen gifts are catalogued consecutively. "Presented by Commander Sir Charles Cust, Bt., K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., C.I.E.," appears seventeen times, in small capitals. Was the compositor ineligible, even for munitions?

Those E—
Canvases!

The cataloguers have, on the other hand, arrived at a quite brief and sensible way of describing the blank canvas scheme. Less fortunate is a daily paper's announcement that "the plan of selling canvases on which famous artists promise to paint portraits according to the desire of the purchaser, which was much appreciated last year, is being pursued again." "According to the desire of the purchaser" is too loose a phrase where the Independents are concerned. Was Augustus John's Lloyd George really painted according to the desire of anybody—save the artist? Again, this year, the artists have promised to paint the sitters they are asked to paint; but we may be pretty sure that they will have their whack, when the work is in hand, according to nobody's desire but their own.

The Crown
Prince's Company.

Those very swagger Serbian Staff officers have been spending a crowded ten days in London. They have done everything in order: luncheon at Buckingham Palace, Kew on Sunday afternoon, Court photographers at 11 a.m., theatres, suppers, War Office, Embassies, the clubs, and Savile Row and Bond Street. And, talking of Savile Row, where did



TO MARRY MR. WILLIAM HENRY DYKE ACLAND: MISS MARGARET EMILY BARCLAY. Miss Barclay is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Barclay, of Fanshaws, Hertford. Mr. Dyke Acland is the elder son of Admiral Sir William Alison Dyke Acland, C.V.O.; he is a Lieutenant in the Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry, and is in the Royal Flying Corps.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

those swag-ger Serbians rig out before they got here? Their own Savile Rows are in the hands of the enemy, and yet they managed to arrive in England in brand-new uniforms that can give points to the experts of this uninvaded country. The points are not necessarily ones that our national prepossessions would allow us to adopt, but the touches of coloured velvet and the tight waists are very impressive on the persons of the Crown Prince's followers.

Two Types. The Serbian luncheon at Buckingham Palace was necessarily very formal. There were Ministers Plenipotentiary in plenty; and

our own departmental offices were represented by Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour; and the Lord Steward, the Privy Purse, and the M.C. were only a few of the other officials present. Into this wilderness of masculine formality Princess Mary was welcomed, and her presence modified the gravity of the proceedings. Lady Crewe, always charming and always beautiful, was also present. She represented in the fullest degree a certain type of feminine grace not found in Serbia. It is a grace, partly of manner, partly of looks, that strikes the unaccustomed Serbian as something entirely new—as new as that other type of Englishwoman, the quiet, brave, indefatigable, be-breeched lady doctor who has been doing dangerously difficult work in the Balkans.



TO MARRY MAJOR THE HON. EDRIC FORESTER: LADY VICTORIA LEGGE-BOURKE.

Lady Victoria Legge-Bourke is the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Lincolnshire, and widow of Lieutenant Nigel Legge-Bourke, late of the Coldstream Guards, to whom she was married in 1913, and who was killed in action the following year. Major Forester, Rifle Brigade, is the youngest son of the fifth Baron Forester, and was wounded, 1914.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY, APRIL 12: MISS DOXY WILSON. The marriage of Miss Doxy Wilson is arranged to take place to-day, April 12, to Captain Keith Yates, of the Lancashire Fusiliers.

Photograph by Ambrose.

party of worshippers, at tea with the Master, remembers the hearty voice of the Admiral calling "George, George!" from the garden gate to announce his arrival. He was, perhaps, the last of the Georgian intimates: Without doubt he keenly appreciated the distinction of figuring as the original of a character in one of the novels of the great writer who was honoured with the O.M.

The P.M.'s
Present.

"Violet Maxse, from H. H. Asquith, 18th June, 1894," is written in a book given by Lady Edward Cecil to the Christie Sale. Lady Edward herself was the Violet Maxse of the P.M.'s inscription. Her marriage to Lord Edward took place, mark you, on June 18, 1894: thus do the claims of the Red Cross draw forth our little calf-bound, gilt-edged household gods. A Liberal Premier's wedding-present to one of the leading ladies of a leading Tory family is a souvenir that would be parted with only under special circumstances. And these special circumstances make it quite likely that an Asquith lot will command interest, and a good price, when it comes under the hammer.

A Georgian
Memory.

Lady Edward Cecil is the daughter of Admiral Maxse, whose own political fluctuations were famous in their day. He was the original of Meredith's Beauchamp, a hot Radical; but his daughter's alliance with the Cecils was quite in accordance with his later Party mood. In the time of Meredith's greatness, when the Box Hill cottage was a place of pilgrimage, and its owner a god among the sages, Maxse used still to visit the friend of his youth, sometimes with his daughter, sometimes as a solitary bicyclist. At least one member of a



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN P. M. MACKENZIE: MISS HELEN BONNER RITCHIE.

Miss Ritchie is the younger daughter of the late Mr. George Ritchie, of Nenthorn, Kelso, and Mrs. Ritchie, of Bonjedward, Jedburgh. Captain Mackenzie, Gordon Highlanders, Yr. of Tarlogie, is the son of the Count and Countess de Serra Largo.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

SPORT IN A NEUTRAL LAND: ICE-YACHTING IN SWEDEN.



1. YACHTING ON THE ICE: THE START OF A RACE.
3. ROYAL INTEREST: THE KING OF SWEDEN, WITH THE CROWN PRINCESS AND HER ELDEST BOY, AT A BANDY MATCH.
5. THE REVERSE OF AN EVEN KEEL: AN ICE-YACHT GOING FULL TILT.

Before the war winter sport was fast becoming an international pursuit: now only neutrals and "ineligibles" can indulge in it with a conscience quite at ease. A popular form of winter sport in Scandinavia, where great level stretches of ice are available, is ice-yachting, on a kind of sleigh fitted with mast and sails. These craft attain a high rate of speed. Individuals on skates can also navigate themselves by carrying a sail, as some of our photographs show. Another favourite pastime, especially with the ladies, is bandy, or ice-hockey, played, on skates, by opposing

2. A TEMPORARY LAPSE FROM THE PERPENDICULAR: A CROPPER.
4. THE GRACIOUS CONNAUGHT SMILE: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN (ON RIGHT) PRESENTS THE PRIZE TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE WINNING TEAM.
6. CAPSIZED: AN ICE-YACHTSMAN ATTENDING TO HIS OVERTURNED CRAFT.

teams of eleven a side. The two middle photographs were taken at a match played at the Crown Princess Ice-Hockey Club in the Stadion at Stockholm. In the left-hand photograph King Gustav is seen with his daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess, beside him, and her eldest son, Prince Gustavus Adolphus, Duke of Westerbotten. The Crown Princess is, of course, the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and was formerly known as Princess Margaret of Connaught. She was married in 1905, and has three sons and one daughter.—[Photographs by Norberg, Madin, and Hallidin.]

SPRING SKETCHES: FROM THE CAPITAL OF CHIFFONS.



FANTASIES OF FASHION: THE LATEST IDEAS FROM THE AUTHORITIES ON MODES OF THE MOMENT.

It is one among many popular fallacies that "good Americans" go to Paris, when they die. They are far too smart, especially when such a vital affair as dress is concerned, to wait for a consummation so devoutly not to be wished, and the Paris creators of new modes have already begun to show their latest ideas for the coming season, some of which we are enabled to reproduce. Figure No. 1 shows a very full skirt which can be worn to advantage by a woman with a slim figure, and with it is worn one of those demure, close-fitting little hats which, despite their note of unobtrusiveness, are both *chic* and charming. No. 2 is a quiet costume, fashionable,

in excellent taste, and free from anything approaching eccentricity. No. 3 shows quite a new idea in skirts, which are very fully gathered at the back, and it has a bodice which is buttoned at the back. No. 4 is an extremely discreet walking-dress, and in mid-Victorian days would have been voted "very lady-like." To-day, we may again use the term "demure." No. 5 is simple in its lines and not very full, but atones for this, from the smart woman's point of view, by being exceptionally short. No. 6 is a full taffetas dress with an embroidered collar. No. 7 shows a velvet coat with a cape-like effect; and No. 8 is a dainty short coat in *moiré*.

AN ARTICLE OF VERTU, BUT NOT A GENUINE ANTIQUE.



IT IS THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER—UP IN TOWN: MISS CLARA EVELYN, IN "BRIC-À-BRAC," AT THE PALACE.

As mentioned under our full-page portrait of her in this Number, Miss Clara Evelyn is now playing in the Palace Theatre revue, "Bric-à-Brac," as a temporary substitute for Miss Gwendoline Brogden. As the Squire's Daughter in the first scene, "A Village in Mummerset," she sings a duet, "Up in Town," with Mr. Nelson Keys ;

also a solo called "A Hundred Years Ago." In the third scene, "Brighton Front, from the Back," she has another entitled "Roses." In Scene VII, she appears in three characters—Lady Violet, a Patron's wife, and Peg o' my Heart, and joins Mr. Nelson Keys in another duet, "Economy."

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



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PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN CONVINCED OF THE STRENGTH OF THE BRITISH NAVY

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



Some Spring Notions.

Not warmth or modesty, but ornament, according to Carlyle, was the first purpose of clothes. His assertion is not altogether in accord with the version of the birth of fashion given in Genesis, but that, perhaps, does not greatly matter at this distance of time. But, whatever their first purpose, it is certain that at this period in our history ornament is by no means the sole object of their existence, though, naturally, every woman prefers clothes that are becoming to clothes that are not. Now Fashion, we know, is a goddess defiance to whose decrees is invariably attended with perfectly dreadful consequences.

Fortunately for the woman of to-day, whose duty it is to combine modishness with economy, and patriotism with both, fashion is on her side—in fact, the rôle of Mrs. Facingboth-ways is not a particularly difficult one to play in these times, given good taste and a sense of discrimination in dress. It is quite possible, while keeping on perfectly good terms with fashion on the one hand, to avoid the risk of incurring unwelcome attention, in the shape of dress taxes, from the Chancellor of the

latest ideas on "neck niceties," some of the originals of which, like the hats and the parasol, can be seen at the Regent Street house of Messrs. Peter Robinson. Your views may lean towards anti-collarium or favour the collar in excelsis, but if you are just you will acknowledge that a ruffle of soft silk with an edge of tossing marabout and ostrich-feathers, such as the one Dolores illustrates, is up to the ears in charm. It has, too, the virtue of practicality, for, without being inordinately substantial, it yet affords quite a reasonable degree of protection against chilly breezes. But, supposing Nature has seen fit to endow you with a beautiful neck, there is no reason why it should be completely hidden, and the possessor of a swan-like throat—free from any suggestion of scragginess, be it understood—may let it rise to the

height of perfect modishness from the depths of a winged collar which, despite its high and mighty notions, is cut to "nothingness" in front

The paradoxical collar hides while it increases the beauty of the neck.

The Boy's Shirt Blouse.

"Retrenchment" in the spirit and in the letter is applied to matters of dress in all departments except one—the department devoted to the blouse. That most essential garment has established itself so firmly in woman's affections that nothing yet invented has even remotely threatened its popularity. To study it in its many and variously attractive forms it is only necessary to go to the house already mentioned, and, though the blouse of to-day has travelled many miles from the blouse that first saw the light

more years ago than most of us care to remember, each digression

merely proves that consistency is rather an overrated virtue. Its simplicity and originality are two reasons for mentioning a new coatee blouse cut on the lines of a boy's shirt. Made of thick washing crêpe-de-Chine, it has a turn-down pointed collar; while, as to length, its inches are just sufficiently many to cover the top of a high-waisted skirt. Above, a narrow belt makes pretence at establishing close relations between the blouse and its wearer. Though La Mode Militaire is taboo, there is no reason, if we may judge from the blouse, why the war should be altogether forgotten as far as clothes are concerned, and there are quite a number across whose surface "Serbia" is written in gaily hued stripes and embroideries; whilst in others ingenuity and genius have gone to the making of a garment which to the discerning immediately suggests "Russia."

Giving Thought to the Neck.

Take, for instance, neck-wear. It is important these days, and an invaluable ally when minor changes are under consideration. Why a yard or two of net or satin and a soft mass of feathers or some other trimming arranged in a particular way, and a fresh hat, should alter the character of a toilette is not easily explained. Of the fact that they do so alter it any number of women every day give tangible proof. Sketched on this page are a few of the



No, it is not brocaded silk, for each spray—pale blue, pink, and yellow—is darned on by hand in gold thread, with long black streamers to complete the tale.

Exchequer on the other; and even the prohibition on the import of cotton goods has no terrors for the woman who, sartorially speaking, "knows."

The Day of Compromise.

Compromise, indeed, is the keynote of present modes, and, given a new and perfect "suit"—a three-piece suit, of course—in which to face the vagaries of the spring which has arrived in theory and the varying social needs of the hour and the season, the weeks that separate us from summer can have no terrors for the resourceful woman. As a rule, we know, compromises are unsatisfactory. Just now they are of the essence of fashion, and, while the war has imposed limitations on dress-purchases, it seems to have added to the list of those things whereby one gown can assume at least three different aspects, while the secret of its transformation remains hidden from the eyes of admiring man.



It might almost belong to an Apache, if it were not of green satin allied with a spray of flat green leaves.



If your hat has flowers and you sport a posy at your throat, what more natural than that they should lend colour to a black-and-white parasol?



A Pierrette collar? Well, something like it; but in truth it is a silly ruffle, and the edge is marabout and ostrich feathers.

TOUCH — AND GO !



THE VICTIM: Law! We ain't 'arf 'avin' a game o' touch, ain't we neither!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE WORLD BEHIND.

By BART KENNEDY.

HE felt a sense of freedom and exhilaration. And with this there was at once a peculiar feeling of lightness and a feeling of strange serenity.

It was as if he had just emerged from out some place of dimness, or as if he had just escaped from some weight that had always held him down. Yes, he had arisen out of something—he knew not what. He had suddenly become a being, immense and calm.

The power of his mind had increased a hundred-fold. It seemed to stretch out to all things at once. It was wonderful. A thick veil had been cleared away from his mental faculties. It had gone as darkness and mist go before an intense light. The full knowledge concerning everything was now revealed to him.

What was it that had given him this sudden great power? What was the miracle that had happened?

He could not tell. He only knew that he had the sudden great power—that it was his. So what mattered whence it had come or how it had happened? It was his—a mental power that stretched out to all things at once.

And there came to him a thing most strange. It was a grasping of the secret that had always eluded him. The secret he had longed so much to possess. In his walks at night he had wondered about it as he looked out to the stars that were shining off in far distances. He had felt that there were beings out in other worlds who had grasped it. This secret of secrets! He had wondered about it in the long hours he had spent alone.

But in front of him there had always been a wall that he could not penetrate—a wall that surrounded him, shutting off his vision.

True, there were times when there came to him what seemed to be a hint of the truth. It flashed up in front of him. But it had always gone from him as suddenly as it came. And it was only a hint, after all.

It was clear to him now—clear as the shining sun. It was spread out before him. It was all so simple. It was so easy to grasp and to understand. He wondered how it had come that he had never seen it before.

And there broke in upon him an odd feeling. It was a feeling of being up a great height above the earth. It was strange, this. But he did not let his mind dwell upon it. For it did not seem to him to be anything out of the way. It did not occur to him that there was anything unusual about it. What did seem to be unusual and to be out of the way was the fact that this secret, that had eluded him for so long, was now clear to him—or rather, it ought to be said that he felt it strange that it had never revealed itself to him before.

This was it: the whole mystery of life was bared before him. There before him was the explanation of the power that lay behind the beginning of things. There before him was the secret of the never-ending weaving and interweaving of life. The dream of his existence had been realised. He had always wanted to understand the inner reason why man came and passed. What was the mystery of the life of the world and the things therein? He had always put to himself this question.

And the key to it all had been suddenly given him. The answer had come. The whole thing lay before him, broad as day. He had passed through a door that had been opened in the blank wall that had always surrounded him.

The whole mystery was simple and clear as light itself. He might indeed have seen it before.

And then there came to him the thought that this was impossible. For in the past he was as one blind. He had not the eyes. And

what looked so simple and so clear to him now would then have been beyond his power to have seen. His mind had not then the vision. He had lived in thick darkness. But he was now in the midst of a blaze of light and power and knowledge. To him had come vision.

No, he could never have known this tremendous secret till now!

Surely it was that he was at a great height above the earth! But again it did not occur to him to wonder why this should be. There seemed to be in it nothing that was in any way remarkable. So he just accepted it as a fact.

Yes, the earth was down far below him. He had never seen it from above before, and to him its appearance was strange and at the same time, in a way, familiar. It was marked and lined as would be a vast coloured map, but the marking and lining were far more clear and sharp than that seen on any map. And it was infinitely more full of detail. It looked as a stupendous picture map enormously magnified and enormously filled out.

He saw roads stretching and interlacing in all directions. Clear, sharp, white roads. From the edge of the sea they went on and on till they were lost behind the horizon. And it seemed to him that he could see them down even behind the horizon. Yes, he could see them as they passed and passed into and through the part of the world that lay from under the shine of the sun. That lay in darkness. His eyes had now a power such as they had never had before. For he could see the roads as they stretched and interlaced over the world.

It was strange, this new power of his eyes! The world lay within the grasp of his glance. He could see the whole of its immense, complicated, interweaving life. He saw the villages, the towns, the countries, the rivers, the seas, the oceans. He saw the myriads of the world's beings, passing and re-passing. He saw the world's ships on the world's waters. This new power of his eyes was a power that would have been beyond the possibility of his imagination even to conceive of in the time before there had come to him the great mental clearness.

Of a wonderful beauty was this vast globe picture. The colours of it were changing one into the other. Shining was it as some magical jewel of illimitable vastness. The world with its life was a thing of a beauty transcendent and unbelievable.

Down below him were flashing and spurting flames. And there were low-

lying thick clouds. The air about him at times shook and trembled. And it was filled with sound. But this did not mar the wonderful effect of the globe picture as a whole.

He knew what was happening. He knew what was going on. Beneath him men were fighting a battle. They were struggling terribly. They were killing each other. Their cries rang out in the midst of mighty sounds.

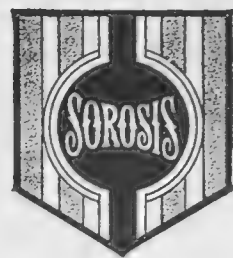
Yes, beneath him men were fighting a battle. But he felt remote and far removed from it. It might have been as if ants were fighting. To him it seemed to matter just as little. Men were fighting, and in this there was nothing that was strange! They had always done so. They had always fought. Ever since the coming of man into the world he had waged war. He had killed and been killed through the whole of the time. He had gone round and round in a circle of slaughter. Always killing. There was nothing, therefore, out of the way about the battle that was going on beneath him, save for the fact that there were more men engaged in it than had been engaged in any that had occurred heretofore.



MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR AND A DRURY LANE PRINCIPAL GIRL: MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE COLISEUM—A STAGE STUDY.

Photograph by Elwin Neame.

[Continued on next page.]



In the Spring a Woman's
fancy

SPRING comes as a blessed relief to womankind, and with it comes Fashion to beguile her. Also, boots and shoes—boots especially—are well to the fore. And the authors of the short skirt might have known that 'Sorosis' were just the right boots for smartness; they have that 'made to measure' look, yet need no long purse to acquire. You can only obtain 'Sorosis' boots at 'Sorosis' Stores. There is one near to you.

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It was indeed a large battle. The line of it extended down and down the horizon.

But it was a part of the picture even as any other part. If it suggested discord, it was a discord that was balanced by something else. It was in no sense out of place in the changing, wonderful scene. It was just a part of the general movement that was happening.

In it he felt no concern. It was merely a part of the whole. He knew how it had come about, and the issues that were involved; but it was as if it were something that was far outside him—something in which he had not even a remote interest.

For all it was to him, these men who were fighting below might have been the least of the things that lived on the world. They meant no more than any other form of life that was upon it. They were no more than the things of the air, or the things of the field or forest, or the things of the waters. What the aims or the ambitions were that animated them mattered not to him. They were but of the life that came and was gone. They passed on the transient flame of their existence on the earth from one to the other.

They were only men.

Suddenly he was down amongst them. All at once—as he was above—the wish had come to him to be with them, and he was now here in the midst of the battle. And into him had come a strange change. It was as if he had gone back to the time before the great power and the clearness had come to him.

He was now a man who was fighting for his country. He had answered her call in her hour of peril. He had come up as a man ought. And he had fought through the whole of this terrible campaign. He had gone through the long nights and the long marches. He had lived within the sounds and the sights of hell. And he had passed unharmed through it all. He was here in this trench along with the rest of them. His mate, Tom, was lying over there—dead. He had been shot through the brain. And there were the others who were dead. They would be taken away when night came.

The air was filled with stupefying sound. But it did not affect him now as it had affected him some time ago. In some strange way he had become indifferent to it.

The sound of a whistle cut through the din. A sound keen and sharp as the edge of a knife. And they were up out of the trench, charging. They were taking up ground. Going like mad, yelling and shouting—charging along. He charged with the others, but he felt no excitement. He had been in charges before. But he had not felt as he felt now. A man near him was down. Another was down. And another. Now he seemed to be charging by himself. But the men on either side came closer up, and they swept along together.

They were upon the German trench. But out of it, even in the midst of the splitting uproar, there came a sense of stillness and silence. The Germans had gone, save those who were killed. A soldier, with the face of a boy, sat calmly looking at them. He had fair hair and blue eyes. He was dead.

What was the meaning of this? He found himself back in the trench from which he had just charged with his comrades. It was a strange occurrence. It had happened swift as thought. But an instant ago he was in the German trench. And now he was back here. What was the meaning of it?

And there came again to him the great power and the clearness. He was once more as he was when he had looked from above upon the world and its life. A serene being who knew all. A being before whom had been revealed the secret of secrets.

He understood. He knew what had happened. He had not passed through the campaign unharmed.

He had been killed!

How strange, then, was death! How wonderful and magical! Death! It meant not extinction and oblivion and deep darkness. It meant but the entrance through a door leading out into an unimaginably larger life.

So he had been killed in the fight. He had been killed here in this very trench. There was his body—the poor body that had once held him. It lay as in sleep. It would change and go back to the elements from whence it had come.

Again he was above. Again he was looking upon the earth that lay pictured beneath him. And to him there came the reason why man fought and destroyed man. He had never understood it till now. He had always thought—when he had thought about it at all in the life that he had left—that it was a futile thing for man to be always fighting. That the world should have been but a battlefield from the very beginning had seemed to him a thing strange and awful.

And now it was plain to him. The reason was revealed. The world was but a place that man visited in passing. It was a strife-world wherein the law of life was based upon the destroying of one thing by the other. Even in the time that men called peace fighting was for ever going on. It was the law of Earth.

But there were many, many worlds other than Earth. And to him there came the thought of that world behind the stars where the law of Earth obtained not. The world in which the consonance that men called happiness was the basic law of existence. Herein man sojourned for a long, long time. But to enter this glorious world he had to pass through a span of life on Earth. He had to go through struggle and travail, and then pass forth.

Man, then, was more than man! No longer did he look upon him as if he were the least of the beings that lived on Earth. He

saw him now as he truly was. Man was a being immortal who passed from world to world. He always was, and always would be.

There came to him the thought of the strange world wherein he had sojourned before he came to Earth. His form had then been not as the form of man. It had been inconceivably different. It was a silent, dark world of shadows, a sombre world of immense gloom.

The world of shining! Again he had been differently organised. This world was a world of fire and sound. In the air

of it hung great cloud-dragons. And there was the dread black world in which he had stayed for a span—the world of monsters. Herein were beings of a prodigious vastness—beings with faces the sight of which would cause a man of Earth to die suddenly of horror were he to behold it.

The world of even, infinite plains where beings lived alone, vast spaces apart! Different indeed was it from Earth, where men thronged together, always fighting.

He had passed from world to world, from world to world. He had travelled distances inconceivably profound. He had lived through lives terrible and strange—through lives wondrous and magical.

The destiny of man! It was indeed a destiny glorious and profound. Man went forth for ever and ever out into the illimitable Afar.

Aye, a wondrous destiny, he reflected. And to him there came a thought of the time when, in the earth-form of man, he had walked along in the darkness looking up at the far shining stars. Even then, when the earth-dimness was upon him, he had thought of the wonders lying out in the worlds of the Afar. And now it had come to pass that he was free to go forth to dwell again in the glorious world behind the stars. For a long time he had travelled. For a long time he had gone on and on. And now had come the fulfilment. He would go forth!

Presences were passing him. Death was freeing them down on the earth below. But he heeded not. He would go on his long journey alone!

Suddenly beside him was a presence. It was his mate, Tom.

"I have come for you," it said. "I went out, but I came back. For I knew you were free. Come, let us go together."

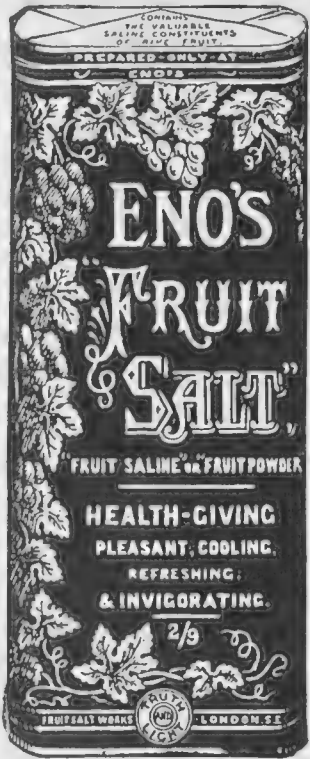
And together they passed out on their long journey to the glorious world that lay shining behind the stars.

THE END.



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THE construction of this Cabinet is worthy of notice for two reasons. First, it accommodates a complete set of Plate without giving any indication that it is anything else but a beautiful writing desk. In addition, it economises space and keeps the Plate in perfect order and condition. Waring & Gillow Best Ivory-handled Cutlery and Waring A1 Plate are included in the price of £30 asked for this Cabinet, and as a wedding gift it would be difficult to imagine a more suitable one.

The Cabinet can be made to match any style of furniture and can be bought without the Plate if desired. Altogether, a most handsome and useful piece of furniture.

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12 Fish Forks.
12 Table Forks.

12 Table Spoons.
12 Dessert Spoons.
12 Dessert Forks.
12 Tea Spoons.
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Ferdinand!

With the living man as his model, the author of "The Real Kaiser" has not painted a flattering portrait of Ferdinand, King of Bulgaria. He shows him as a ruler rejoicing in petty pomp; scented; in fear of assassination; ever intriguing; ever unreliable; fainting at the sight of blood, yet sending his people to certain destruction; ungrateful; a *poseur* who pretends that the greatest happiness in his life is the cultivation of humanity towards man and beast, one who cares for the fallen sparrow and, to use the colloquialism, would not hurt a fly! History will show the real Ferdinand—indeed, it is doing so now.

The Armoured Room.

Meantime, Ferdinand the Fox remains "one of us" to the Kaiser, and disastrously must matters end for him and for his dupes. What power can a man expect to hold among warlike subjects when it is a matter of common knowledge that his fear of sudden death is such that he wore a suit of chain-armour under his clothes for years, and, no doubt, wears it still; and that his "fumoir" in his palace at Sofia has "walls of steel and a door that can be hermetically fastened by a spring operated from the writing-desk. A secret series of secret signals, known only to the trusted men who surround him, ensures that this door shall only be opened to the men who are safe; or, rather, to the men with whom Ferdinand is safe." Possibly he would argue that his interest in armour is born of his interest in matters mechanical. He is extremely pleased with himself as an engine-driver. Yet "unless he wants to run away from somewhere, his engine-driving is hardly likely to be of benefit to himself or anyone else. It is a futile accomplishment, as nearly all his occupations and amusements are futile."

A Hatred of Owls.

His real joys, he would tell you, posing as the most tender-hearted of mortals, lie in the care of the fowl of the air and the beast of the earth, to say nothing of creeping things, and every living creature that moveth which the waters bring forth. Owls, however, he does not like. "The reason is a superstitious one. He declares that when any misfortune is about to overtake him, warning is given by the circumstance of an owl settling on the flagstaff of his Euxinograd Palace (his Sandringham, as he is fond of calling it). The fewer owls, of course, the less opportunity of giving warnings, and so the less likelihood of misfortune overtaking the Balkan Czar." For the rest, his aviaries are wonderful!

Pomp and Circumstance.

We had almost forgotten he has another hobby—adulation and the pomp and circumstance of petty Courts. He is nothing if not ambitious—hence his present plight—and the slowness of his "recognition" by the Powers was a sore blow to him. He designed for himself a most sumptuous coronation mantle; and he has been his own Mantalini for other garb. In his younger days, especially, "he was a fop . . . the more formal the Court the greater his admiration for it. Display was to him a part of kingship; one of the most tangible and real attributes of royalty." Hence, perhaps, his adherence to Germany and Austria, where outward show is the thing. "He began, even in his bachelor days, by establishing a Court ruled by the stiffest formality. This ceremony was doubled when he married, just as his civil list was increased from £20,000 to £40,000 a year. In the little city of Sofia, which even now does not boast 100,000 inhabitants, he maintained a household and a state which rivalled that of the Kaiser himself, and far exceeded that of any other reigning House of Europe. His exits and entries were preceded by a band of gorgeously uniformed attendants, who backed before him, waving wands of glittering whiteness."

"Ferdinand of Bulgaria." By the Author of "The Real Kaiser." (Andrew Melrose; 2s. net.)



ONE OF THE (BING) BOYS:
MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

Mr. George Robey is to take a leading part in the new Alhambra piece, "The Bing Boys Are Here," which is announced for production on Wednesday, April 19.

Photograph by Hana.

WOMAN'S WAYS

Advance, Serbia!

The political world is very like the social world, and its turn-about is quite as amusing and enlightening. Certain countries have to "earn their position" by picturesque or striking methods. Serbia has won hers by illimitable gallantry and suffering, and the Crown Prince Alexander was last week the social Lion of the town. Some of us remember that King Edward VII. was singularly ill-disposed to that warlike little country, and for a long time would not recognise the new dynasty. There is no doubt that the amiable personalities of both M. and Mme. Grouitch did a great deal to smooth matters between London and Belgrade, and they probably went out in London as much as the Ambassadors of any of the big Powers. The husband of a beautiful and clever American wife, devoted to the interests of Serbia, M. Grouitch was very ably seconded at the Legation in Pont Street until he went back to Belgrade to take up a high position in the Foreign Office. The "dramatist-we-never-mention-now" poked prodigious fun at the Serbian Army in "Arms and the Man"—a fact which demonstrates that he is not among the prophets. And not only did we lionise Prince Alexander (Prince Paul we have long had among us), but Mestrovich is to have a memorial presented to him under the auspices of the modern school of painters and certain modish ladies. Who would have predicted, five years ago, that we should all be running to be "done in bronze" by a strange Serbian of genius? Nothing is so curious as these developments of the time-spirit.

Why Not a Cheap First-Class?

We have been so long cut off from our comfortable second-class carriages, and compelled to consort with damp, plush-clad babies, convivial (though otherwise harmless) soldiers and sailors, and other less

desirable travelling companions armed with dubious parcels and hostile to open windows, that the news of a comparatively cheap first-class will be hailed with joy. It is true the innovation has only yet appeared in the Isle of Wight; but what can be done in the small island might well be done in the big one. Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should people be made to pay exactly double to go first-class on trains? Selfish people urge that the rich and "splorgy" will no longer be able to spread themselves and their bags over an entire compartment as they do now. The answer is that, if they must needs have an entire railway carriage, they must pay for all the seats. Yet this portentous difficulty could be overcome by the introduction of the "drawing-room car" familiar to us on all big American lines.



ONE OF THE GIRLS: MISS ANNIE SAKER, IN A STRIKING DRESS WHICH SHE WEARS IN "THE SILVER CRUCIFIX."

Miss Annie Saker plays very successfully in the melodrama at the Prince of Wales's as the dancer Gabrielle, who, after living a Bohemian life and wearing bizarre scarlet dresses, wins a good man's love and becomes a respectable married woman.


Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

The Prestige of the Air.

There is no doubt that the airmen are now the swagger branch of the Army, especially enjoying the favour of the more sentimental sex.

I do not know whether they have a similar prestige in the Navy—one sees too little of our wonderful sailors—but there is no doubt that the plain dark uniform of the aviator and his golden wings create a small thrill of excitement at theatres, restaurants, and dinner-parties. When decorations and Orders—French and English—are worn, the young "flyer" is apt to be the centre of all eyes, considerably to his embarrassment. I believe that numbers of cavalymen, tired of their inactivity, have joined the Air Service.

ELLA HEPPWORTH DIXON.



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The Best of All

beautifiers is that combination of Palm and Olive Oils, purified and saponified by a secret process, called Palmolive. For thousands of years these two oils have been recognised as being invaluable for skin-culture.

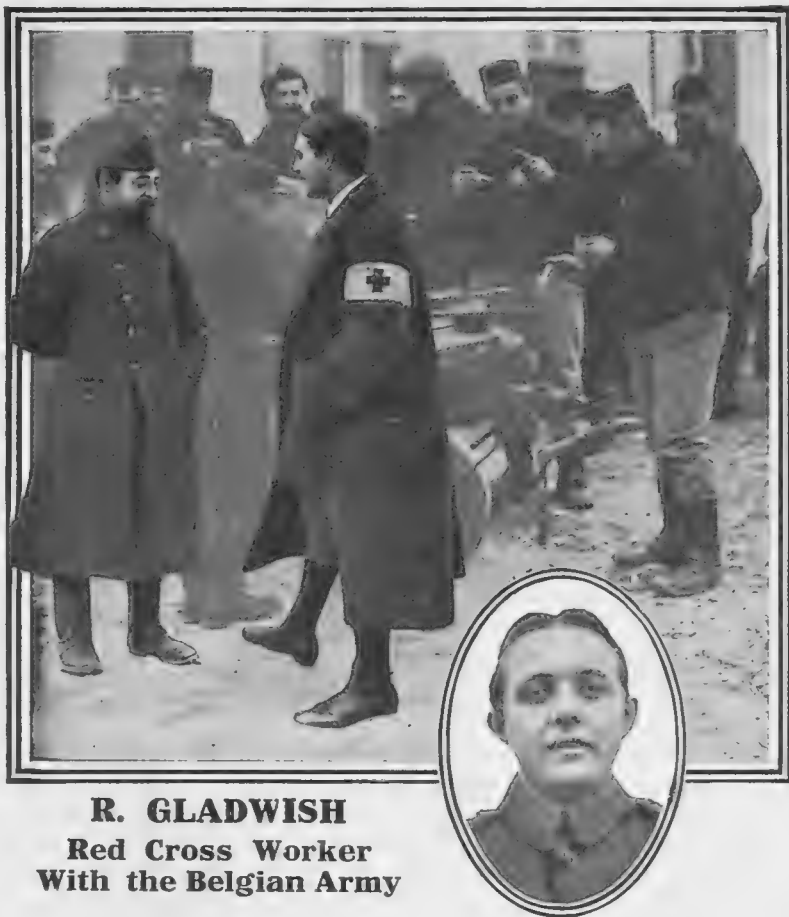
Modern science has now given them to womankind in an easily usable, convenient, and inexpensive form, and has also enhanced their beauty-giving virtues.

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Soap is a discovery that beautiful women the world over have hailed with delight. It is so good and pure that the most tender of skins must benefit from its use, and doctors recommend it for the baths of newly born babies. Palmolive counteracts the harmful effects of hard water, sun, and wind on the skin, and imparts a feeling of comfort difficult to describe. There is no free alkali or artificial colouring in Palmolive.

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THE B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., 124, Holborn, London, E.C.



R. GLADWISH
Red Cross Worker
With the Belgian Army

"I was acting as voluntary Red Cross Worker with the Belgian Army during the retreat from Antwerp, and throughout these harassing times, when we went without sleep for days, and often without sufficient food, I suffered considerably from nervous breakdown and influenza. Many times Phosferine was the only thing that saved me from a complete collapse and kept me going. I felt the strain most when on night work driving a motor from Calais to Furnes and Nieuport—then Phosferine was invaluable. Even more valuable, however, was the help Phosferine gave to many of the poor Belgian soldiers, to whom over and over again the timely dose I was able to provide proved a godsend—indeed, it was the only thing which kept many of them going. Now that I am back in civilian life it is almost as worrying, and good as I found Phosferine in the war area, it is just as useful to me now. Indeed, whenever I have a cold or feel out of sorts, I take a dose of Phosferine and feel better almost immediately."

This remarkably experienced Red Cross Worker says, just when the appalling and ever-present turmoil and stress of his duties at the Front made him realise he could hold out no longer, Phosferine prevented his collapse beneath the unnatural strain, Phosferine gave him the force to keep going—actually, Phosferine supplemented his waning vitality exactly when and where it was most needed.

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Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

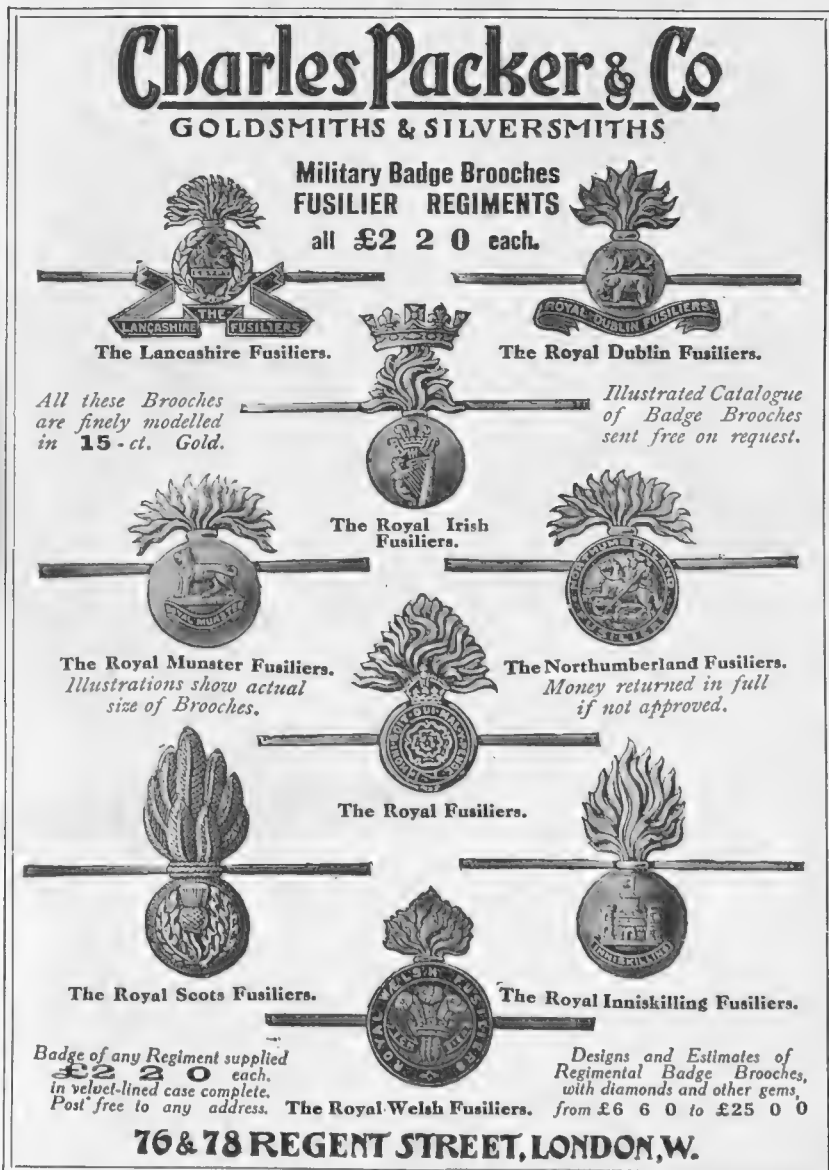
Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

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The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

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76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Dainties.

There is a shop in Bond Street I can never pass without a look, even in a blizzard. It is not that there is a great deal in the window—it is that the things are so nice. Dainty little chiffon collars, the new kind, wired out in points like the petals of a flower; dear little posies of spring flowers made of ribbons—the kind of little addition to a dress that gives a woman a good conceit of herself; pretty things fashioned of bits of real lace in the shape of cravats; and one or two blouses that look as, if you gave a pouf! away they would go, so ethereal and dainty are they. Sometimes, if I look very close, I see a price, and am amazed to find it far less than I expected—a kind of amazement rarely afforded in Bond Street.

Of the Utmost Importance

Is the pretty dressing of a charming and well-poised head. Hair, for the moment, is neat and not distended. There are many smart things to catch it up with. I saw some of quite the latest in a very exclusive salon the other day, fashioned in clear and ordinary tortoiseshell, and in cut-steel and jet, and polished to great brilliancy. These take the place of jewels now in the evening, and, of course, the hair has to be kept brilliant and dressed up to the mode of the moment to match them.

Very Few Black.

Gloves are one of the dress points that war has touched. It is from the fact that so few long gloves are purchased that gloves suffer most. Black gloves are in no great demand. Women in deep mourning do not like to see their hands in black, and very soon begin to wear white or pale-grey gloves. There is an insistent whisper that sleeves are to be short and that long gloves will be required for day wear; let us hope it will soon be said out loud, and that our gloves will have a better time. We make quite nice gloves in England, and the others come from our noble ally France. From Germany we got little but what John le Hay used to call rotten cotton gloves!

Hands and Feet

Are always most important. I see, in a shop-window where the glove is a cult, the softest, prettiest suède hand-coverings, exquisitely pliable, and of colours and shades that seem to purr, so comforting and contenting are they. Always a *chic* contrast is afforded by a few trifles in the way of frivolous little handkerchiefs in some wonderful, quite uncommon shade, and a bit of lace or two. Those gloves intrigue me every time I pass. Feet are now so distinctly in evidence that foot-covering is a serious study; and day by day I see it going on, and hear women settling what kind of uppers will go best with a new spring frock. I heard a man say the other day to a pretty girl, "Black, my child—never put colour near your feet; always black, if you value shape and size. But best black—the very best going." Men are conservative creatures for their own womenkind; but, however bizarre the foot-gear on those of other men, they find it quite alluring. Wise women pin their faith to the French advice to be *toujours bien chaussée*.

AND Hats.

"First and foremost," says the spring sunshine, "attire the altogether charming seat of your sprightly intellect with the daintiness it deserves." So there are attentive open-air classes of women studying decorative head-gear in the shop-windows of the West End. Embarrassment of riches is their only trouble. We really ought to do well by our shopkeepers—they do so well for us. The girl who can look at the varied jaunty, *chic*, smart, beguiling little and middle-sized hats that are sitting tipped up temptingly on stands, and not want to put them on her own head and see how she looks, is a worthy disciple of the "Don't" posters! I imagine these are mostly constitutional dowdies.

The Bâton Brollie.

Every soldier may carry a Field-Marshal's bâton in his knapsack, and every woman may carry a brollie in her bâton, which comes into action at once when Jupiter Pluvius assails her. It is a wee bit longer than the Field-Marshal's implement, and not nearly so long as an ordinary brollie, and it is furnished with a loop which slips over the wrist. Quite the latest and easiest way of preserving the newest millinery from the showers of spring, these brollies are light, and balance quite well when in use. The time for the *en-tout-cas* is, we hope, at hand, when the bâton-brollie will act also as a shade. Smart women are taking to them, so they have apparently come to stay.

Brightly, Beautifully Blue.

The newest colour is an old one—a rich Royal blue. It is not so crude as those of early Victorian days; there is a beguiling softness about its richness which makes it eminently becoming. In one modiste's in the West End it is made a special study of, and is shown in three beautiful shades—no more; all have this rich brightness and softness, and all the fabrics of this colour are lovely. The effect can only be attained in first-class materials. How becoming bright, good colour is!

discovered at Lady (Milsom) Rees' tea at the Active Service Exhibition, when her helpers were in red, white, and blue. Lady Alexander, who provided ladies to do the waiting for a whole three weeks, told me that up to last week the tips amounted to over £150—all going to the Red Cross!

Everyday Preps. for Zeps.

Money enough in pocket to pay for a meal and a bed, addresses of respectable places to find both, a card from employer to assure that he will pay if wages don't admit of enough for purpose, tea, coffee, and bread-and-butter in the guard's vans of all suburban trains and in tubes, a code word for telephone service to intimate to alarmed people at home reason for detention in town—these little preparations will save much inconvenience and anxiety. I mention the code word because "Zeppelin" is tabooed on the telephone, especially when these "Made in Germany" treasures are about.



FROCKS FOR THE AFTERNOON.

The beige-coloured cloth dress on the left is enhanced by its cape, hem, and cuffs being carried out in nigger-brown taffeta. The second model is made of lime-green silk serge, and has rich embroideries of green silks mixed with a little dull gold.



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SHE is as sleek and well-groomed as ever this Spring in her natty, well-cut coat and skirt, her neat, well-fitting shoes. For she knows it's the wisest economy to buy things good, that not only do they look better to start with than the cheaper sort, but continue to look well until the time comes to discard them.

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Now so many ladies are engaged in nursing our wounded soldiers they find it a matter of considerable difficulty to keep their hands nice. The continual use of water and disinfectants ruins the skin and makes the hands rough and harsh. The way to avoid this trouble is to apply a little La-rola every time the hands are washed.

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is a delicately scented toilet milk, neither sticky nor greasy, and is easily absorbed by the skin. It is very economical to use, a good sized bottle costing only 1/12. You can get it at Boot's, Harrods, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Army & Navy, Lewis & Burrows, Timothy White's, Taylor's, and all the principal chemists and stores.

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE COMPLEX PROBLEM OF THE WAR TAX: MOTORS AND RIDES FOR THE WOUNDED.

"Some" Tax! The high-powered car has enjoyed a precarious existence ever since an impost of forty guineas was imposed on vehicles of over 60-h.p. by the original engine-tax. They had ceased to be built long before the war broke out, but there has been a certain amount of buying and selling of the existing leviathans, and one or two dealers have specialised in that line. If the sporting type of driver could acquire one of these monsters at a low figure, the huge annual tax became a matter of less moment. But what of the present position? The tax is now trebled, and therefore amounts to the colossal sum of £126 per annum! As a unit tax this probably breaks the record, and costly indeed is the "privilege" of sitting behind a larger engine than the average. Apparently, the only thing to be done is to remove engines of this type from their beds and put them into motor-boats.

Another Curiosity. At the opposite end of the string, however, there is another curiosity of taxation. As everyone knows, the Ford car is the cheapest thing of its size and power on wheels, and has therefore been acquired in thousands by farmers and others for utilitarian purposes. But it has always been subject to the special disability of its class—namely, that American engines are of the low-efficiency type, with large bores, and this "poor man's car" has been subject to an annual tax of six guineas a year. Now that is trebled, and owners of cars which cost them only £115 must now pay eighteen guineas a year in engine-tax alone. The innumerable owners of American cars in this country who may wish to dispose of them in preference to laying up will find the tax question a considerable obstacle in the way of effecting a sale; while those who possess British cars with small-bored, high-efficiency engines will enjoy a more advantageous opportunity accordingly. As no new cars are being made, and American are prohibited from entering the country, there will soon be a shortage of vehicles, and, despite a certain amount of laying up, the trade in second-hand cars will become very brisk. For, when all is said and done, no matter how much taxes are increased or the price of petrol is advanced, cars are an absolute necessity to large numbers of people, and it is no more possible to stop motoring than to mop up the Atlantic with a broom.

Some Who Will Suffer.

In so far as the new taxes are a political necessity motorists will not complain, though they can certainly claim to be the most heavily taxed section of the community. It is to be feared, however, that the results will be felt hardly in quarters that one would least like to suffer: With petrol already at 2s. 8d. a gallon, and perhaps further increases in store, it is

simply impossible for many car-owners to continue their benevolent work in the way of giving drives to wounded soldiers and the transporting of wounded from railway stations to the hospitals. It is certain that ere long the hospital authorities will be complaining bitterly of the shortage of cars. Nobody outside the field of practically benevolent work has any conception of the amount of money that has been saved to the State and the hospitals by the voluntary efforts of motorists in every quarter of the land, nor is there any possible means of organising a State service if the voluntary aid is withdrawn. The hiring of cars is prohibitive, and there

is also the question of obtaining drivers. Absolutely the only means by which the present philanthropic work could be maintained at the same level would be for the Red Cross Society to take it in hand; and that would involve an enormous expenditure and a colossal increase in its organisation. If private motoring is shut completely down, the cessation of benevolent work is inevitable, for how is an owner to be expected to maintain his car, pay big taxes, garage rent, and chauffeur's wages solely for the privilege of giving drives to soldiers? If it is incumbent on him to do this as a citizen, it is equally incumbent on those who are not motorists to contribute so much per week to the same purpose or to hospital funds.

Dainty Cars.

While a large number of British manufacturers are content to live in the present only—which means that they are satisfied with the orders for munitions which they are turning out night and day—there are others who, though equally busy in the same line, are prepared to look ahead. Very properly, they are not desirous of losing touch with their clients during the war, thus having to build up a reputation anew after peace has been declared; consequently, in one way or another they are endeavouring to secure orders for post-war deliveries. A case in point is that of the Swift Motor Company, of Coventry, from whom a handsome catalogue is to hand, with coloured and other illustrations of their 15-h.p. and 20-h.p. models. These are dainty yet practical products, of a type, size, and power which will unquestionably be highly popular when people are free to buy cars again. Swift cars have a long record behind them for good material, sound workmanship, and excellent performance, and the company

preface their catalogue with an appeal to the patriotic motorist to postpone the purchase of new cars—which means Americans that had entered the country before the prohibition of imports—until such time as they can obtain from British firms cars built on the usual sound British lines.



WITH A CUNARD LANDAUETTE BODY: A 16-22-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER NAPIER.

The lines of the car are very graceful and of the most up-to-date design. The springing of the chassis is of cantilever pattern, ensuring luxurious suspension, which, combined with the noiselessness of the engine and the general smooth running, is very much to the good. The body-work, finished in the usual high-class Cunard manner, is of special type. The top is so constructed that it lies perfectly flat when opened, thus avoiding any ungainliness.



ON WAR SERVICE SOMEWHERE AT THE FRONT: A 16-20-H.P. WOLSELEY.

A number of Wolseleys are being used by the British Forces.

25-2-16.

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Dear Sirs,

I was wounded by shell explosion last October, and as a consequence up to a fortnight ago suffered very badly from nerves and Nervous Dyspepsia.

A fortnight ago my wife said, "Why don't you try this Sanaphos?" I had been trying all sorts of physics, and wasn't keen; but I did, and have been feeling better every day since.

What prompts me to write this is the fact that there must be hundreds of officers and men in like case to mine, and if you could have Sanaphos introduced in the Hospitals and Convalescent Homes I think it would save a lot of unnecessary suffering.

You are at perfect liberty to make what use you like of this letter.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. MOLONY,
Lieut. 15th King's Liverpool Regt.

I am now in a physical condition to go out again, which I attribute almost entirely to Sanaphos.

Sanaphos restores exhausted nerves and hastens convalescence. It is *wholly* soluble, *wholly* digestible. The phosphorus needed by the nerves is actually absorbed by the system, and used for the reconstruction of the nerves in *larger proportion* from *Sanaphos* than from *Sanatogen* or *any* of the earlier forms of phosphated casein.

Altogether it is a *far more effectual* nerve-builder and tissue-builder than *any* phosphated milk or phosphated casein products hitherto produced by science.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE stage Scot is rarer than the stage Irish. In the case of Kitty Mackay, at the Queen's, the Scots lassie was suspiciously like an Irish colleen who had spent some of her time in the States, and the play written round her had something of a dug-up air. It is a curiously simple piece; but for its anachronisms one could believe that it was written in 1845, the year during which its events are supposed to happen. For even in comparatively modern drama a father and sweetheart do not cause a girl the misery of believing that her lover does not want to marry her rather than disclose to her the fact that she is her father's daughter by a secret marriage, and therefore the young man's step-sister. It is a little difficult to be thrilled by sentiment based on such nonsense. The most effective part of the piece by Catherine Chisholm Cushing is in the domestic Highland pictures, which remind one a good deal of a scene in "A Scrape o' the Pen"; however, it was rather funny, thanks to the acting of Mr. Watson Hume and Miss Jean Cadell. Still, I cannot help thinking that there are other sources of humour connected with Scotland than whisky and the Bible, though I am not crying out for jokes about thriftiness. Miss Mollie McIntire played the name-part with some skill, but is somewhat too "cute" in the humours. Miss Margaret Nibloc acted rather well as another Scots girl: it was a bit hard for a mere Englishman to understand some of their dialogue. There was useful work by Miss Maud Cressall, Mr. Henry Vibart, Mr. George Tully, and Mr. Langhorne Burton.

The Pioneer Players produced two new works, each of some merit. The more formidable, a three-act comedy by Mrs. Enthoven and Mr. Goulding, is called "Ellen Young." Although it is difficult to believe in Ellen, she is fairly interesting. Of course, in real life

people don't become music-hall stars at a hundred a week without a little labour, even if they are handsome and reckless. You may have *le diable au corps*, but you cannot express it with your legs without a jolly lot of preliminary hard work. Ellen was different, and, as the "Don't Care Girl," became the rage as soon as she stepped on the halls. And, in spite of all temptations, she remained virtuous, for the reason, so she said, that she did not wish to waste any of the year of life which was all that the doctors promised her. Personally, I find myself recalling the cynical theory of Heine concerning the morality of real dancers, with which, no doubt, the reader is well acquainted: it is permissible, I fancy, for the most ardent patriot to admit some acquaintance with the author of the "Reisebilder," for he did hate the Germans heartily. When Ellen, after months of triumph, found that she had only two months to live, she did not get her to a nunnery, but to a sanatorium, where they cured her consumption, her drug habit, and her nasty temper all in a twelve-month, for which she was grateful; and they also cured her of her dancing, for which she was not, so she married an amiable young gentleman of fortune. I don't know whether he was grateful—afterwards: with the influence of Kitty Mackay upon me, I have doubts. There are some really amusing scenes in connection with Ellen's family and former betrothed, and they were quite cleverly acted by Miss Agnes Thomas, Miss Dorothy Rundell, Mr. Barnard, and Mr. S. Lathbury. Miss Hilda Moore played the part of Ellen with remarkable skill, and rendered the queer creature vivid and interesting. The other piece, "A Merry Death," is chiefly noticeable for the very charming, clever setting devised by Miss Edith Craig with the simplest means, and the picturesque costumes. A neatly written piece, without very much in it, concerning the death of Harlequin. Mr. Nikolai Evreinof, the author, has novel ideas for the stage, but no great freshness of thought.



AS THE DANCER, PEARL BURKE, IN "JERRY": MISS HILDA ANTONY, AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

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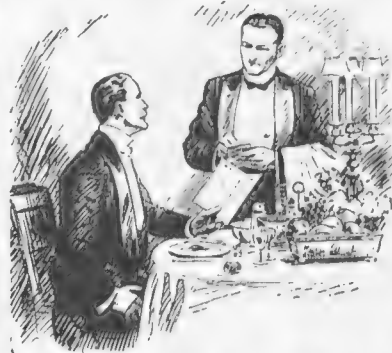
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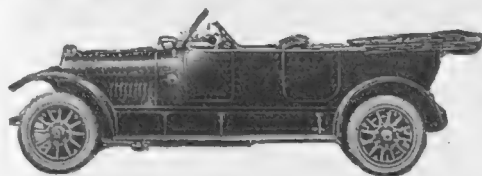
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(Continued.)

The new musical comedy at the Prince of Wales's, "Mr. Manhattan," has a certain tone which distinguishes it slightly from most of the specimens of its kind. It makes great play with a farcical plot about an American gentleman who finds that his servant has let his flat to an Italian tenor whose wife has been getting into trouble by inadvertently paying her hotel bill at Trouville with bad notes: as a result, the American gentleman is arrested as her accomplice, and has to go over to France with her under police escort, and is followed by the rest of the company. In parts this manages to be funnier than it promises; but it owes much to the fact that it is played by an unusually competent little group of players. They all have characters of their own, and a sense of burlesque. Miss Iris

The management of the Royalty appears to have found another trump in "Disraeli." Mr. L. N. Parker's play, already immensely successful in the States, is likely to enjoy a long run in this country. It possesses quite a good story, told skilfully; has pleasant passages of sentiment, and agreeably pathetic scenes; there are amusing lines in the dialogue, and strong curtains; also some effective humours connected with Victorian manners and costumes. And the acting was very good. What more can anybody ask?

The unamiably critical may demand greater plausibility in conduct, more subtlety in the character-drawing—that is to complain because the work is not fine cloth instead of good fustian. But we ought to be thankful for the good fustian, which we got and applauded heartily. Cranks may suggest that it is not quite cricket to call your chief character Disraeli, and then use him simply as a rather unintelligent hero of a spy drama. Here one comes upon a difficulty; paraphrasing Johnson, it may be suggested that he who paints great heroes should himself be great. Yet the name of Boswell seems to answer the proposition; one might almost assert that his hero lives not because of what he did, but because of what his biographer wrote; I am not aware, however, of any exception in drama to

(Continued overleaf.)



DECORATED BY THE CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA, WITH THE ORDER OF ST. SAVA: MR. VANDYK, THE WELL-KNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER.

Photograph by Vandyk.

Hoey, for instance, is very full of high spirits as the tenor's wife; Mr. Robert Cunningham, the tenor, is a very comic burlesquer of the type, and can really sing; Mr. Arthur Hatherton, as a detective, is quite original in his make-up and manner; and Miss Colette Dorigny and Miss Peggy Kurton are both worthy of leading parts. But the great novelty is Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, a very strange and entertaining person with a subdued manner and a hoarse voice, who is unlike anything that has yet been seen here. He does not trouble to do any acting, and he is for the greater part of his time on confidential terms with the audience; but they love him all the better for that, for he can be most extraordinarily funny. The rest is the usual gorgeousness, for, in these days of strict economy, musical comedy and revue seem bound to create the impression that the last penny in the world has been spent upon the chorus.



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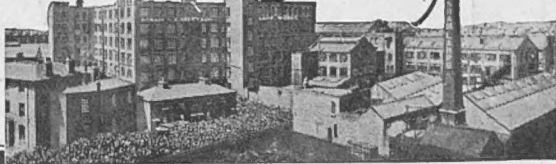
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From a Painting by "Rilette" to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley.

A WARNING TO SUBALTERNS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I wish to strongly emphasise to inexperienced officers the utter futility of equipping themselves with any but the finest quality khaki that money can buy.

The fatal tendency to endeavour to save a few pounds in the purchase of kit is a most disastrous economy, and has been encouraged by innumerable London and Provincial firms who have no status whatever as military tailors. Second-grade kit is absolutely useless; not only is the appearance, as a rule, execrable in style, but the materials and workmanship are totally unfitted to stand the excessive wear and tear of active service.

If the War Office would standardise the quality of officers' uniforms, we might be spared the spectacle of so many young officers wearing clothes which are not creditable to the dignity of their position.

The House of Pope & Bradley holds the first reputation in London to-day, and regards this reputation at stake over every military garment produced during the war. The prices charged represent the minimum at which uniforms of the best quality can be obtained, and are reasonable because the House is one of the largest buyers.

The following kit incorporates at our lowest prices every essential for an officer on joining his regiment:—

2 Tunics at £3 13 6	£7 7 0	Tie	2 6
Slacks	1 7 6	Marching Boots	2 2 0
Infantry Breeches	1 10 0	Puttees	7 6
British Warm	3 15 0	Haversack	10 6
Buttons and Badges	1 8 6	Waterbottle	12 6
Sam Browne Belt	2 12 6	Whistle and Lanyard	4 6
Cap and Badge	1 1 0	Cane	4 6
4 Shirts	2 2 0		
6 Collars	9 0		
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For the convenience of Military customers only, a section of our staff is in attendance on Saturday afternoons until 6 o'clock.

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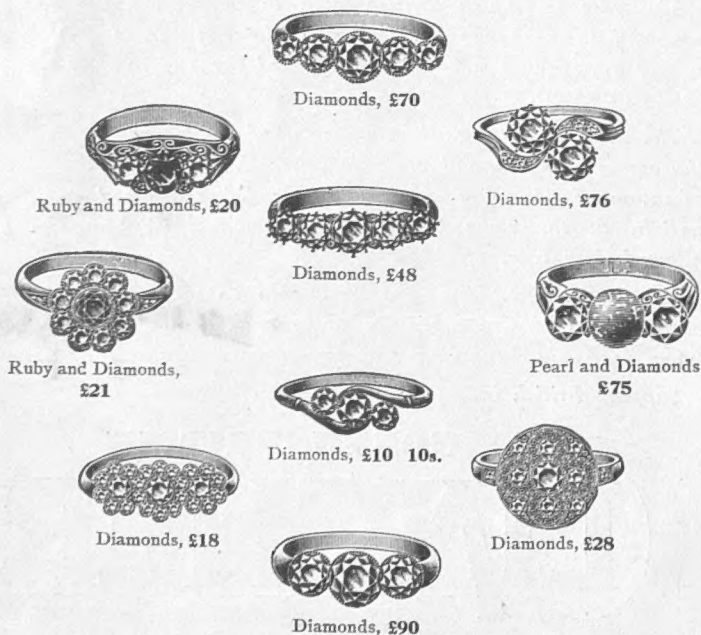
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